When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verſes written on her backe & pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.

Serving. My gracious Lord, ſee wher my Lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?
Humph. I charge you for your liues ſtir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they ſhould.
Elnor. Come you my Lord to ſee my open ſhame?
Ah *Gloſter*, now thou doſt penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their ſights,
And in thy pent vp ſtudy rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.
Hum. Ah *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to eaſe thy heart.
Elnor. Ah Gloſter, teach me to forget my ſelfe,
For whilſt I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthleſſe flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I ſtart, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduiſed how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in ſhame, with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloſter, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile ſay I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But ſo he rulde, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I his fore-lorne Dutcheſſe
Was led with ſhame, and made a laughing ſtocke,
To euery idle raſcald follower.
Humfrey. My louely *Nell*, what wouldſt thou haue me do?

Should

Should I attempt to reſcue thee from hence,
I ſhould incurre the danger of the law,
And thy diſgrace would not be ſhaddowed ſo.
Elnor. Be thou milde, and ſtir not at my diſgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,
As ſhortly ſure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him ſo, and hates vs all,
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lymde buſhes to betray thy wings,
And flye thou how thou canſt, they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I ſummon your Grace vnto his Highnes Parlament, holden at S. *Edmonds-Bury*, the firſt of the next Month.
Hum. A Parliament, and our conſent neuer craude
Therein before. This is———————
Well, we will be there. *Exit Herald.*
Maſter Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further againſt my Lady, then the courſe of law extends.
Sher. Pleaſe it your Grace, my office here doth end,
And I muſt deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Stanly*,
To be conducted into the Iſle of Man.
Humfrey. Muſt you ſir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?
Standly. I my gracious Lord, for ſo it is decreed,
And I am ſo commanded by the King.
Humph. I pray you ſir *Iohn*, vſe her nere the worſe,
In that I intreate you to vſe her well.
The world may ſmile againe, and I may liue
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And ſo ſir *Iohn* farewell.
Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewel!
Humph. Witneſſe my bleeding heart, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Humfrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloſter gone,
And doth Duke *Humfrey* now forſake me too?
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands bounds,
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haſte away.